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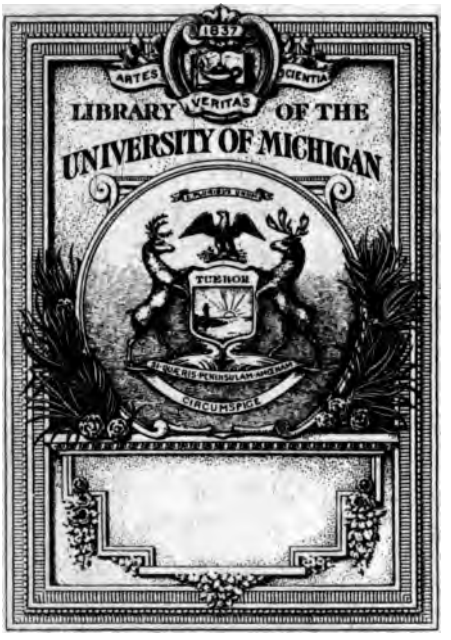
Winning The Boy

Lilburn Merrill



THE GIFT OF
DEAN ALLEN S. WHITNEY

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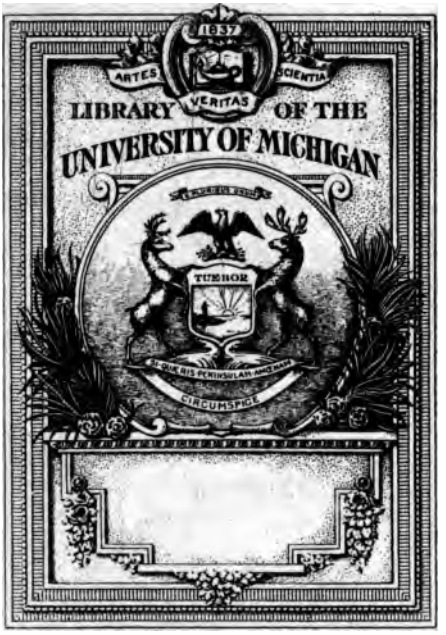

THE GIFT OF
DEAN ALLEN S. WHITNEY

WINNING THE BOY

Winning The Boy

By LILBURN MERRILL, M. D.

With an Introduction by
JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY
President of the International Juvenile Court Society

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GIFT OF
DEAN A. S. WHITNEY
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INTRODUCTION

THERE is unquestionably a crying need for books on the boy problem. It is hardly necessary any longer to emphasize its importance. There is a real demand for practical, helpful advice in dealing with the sacred subject of childhood.

Reformation has been attempted through outward influences, frequently embracing force and violence. The criminal court, the jail, the prison, are all institutions designed originally to bring about reformation. They did nothing of the kind. They perhaps protected society and, as believed by some, furnished an example to the individual that acted as a deterrent to crime. But every worker for childhood, whether the father in the home, the teacher in the school, the probation officer or the judge of the juvenile court —all are agreed that formation is the thing that we most need in dealing with the human character, and formation comes from within

through the human heart and not from without through iron bars or any other methods of force and violence, whether nagging and faultfinding in the home or detention behind stone walls. Mankind must be redeemed through love, and love works through the human heart, and the ennobling emotions of the human heart are aroused through the personal touch, contact, and influence of individuals whose hearts beat true to the higher things of life.

Back of the scheme of formation, or, if you would have it, reformation, known as the juvenile court, is one continual struggle to put a little love into the law. Some one has said that "Love without justice may be sentiment and weakness," but there can be no real justice without love.

There is no created thing more marvellous than the budding child. Love and hate, peace and fear, pleasure and pain, despair and hope—all these wonderful emotions of the human soul are there, and how we have gone ahead in our blind, brutal way, of dealing with the "thing"—an act by the individual

—and not with the divine creature made up of all these wonderful pulsations of the human heart, is one of the most brutal, barbarous things in the history of jurisprudence.

When you seek to win a boy, go after his heart. But you can't get his heart by sending him to jail; and you can't win him by an act which is puerile or weak. Learn to sympathize. Sympathy is the divinest quality of the human heart. It was the secret of the winnings of our Master when He trod the earth; but no one ever accused Him of defending or justifying sin.

I believe I know that erring youth as a rule cannot be brought to truth and light through the ways of force and violence, of hate and despair, and, on general principles, every method which is backed by these hideous monsters is false and bad. It may furnish a short cut but it is a dangerous path. Its effect is temporary, not lasting, and it has no permanent winnings, for, like the disease dosed with bad medicine, if it disappears we know it did not disappear because of the dosing but in spite of it. The real cure is a change some-

where in the human heart. But if the real change comes it comes through the spark of love from somewhere because of a conviction from within that evil is bad and must be cast out.

The boys who are really reformed are those who want to do right and not those who have to do right. Society may be protected as long as they have to do right; but you have not a really safe citizen until there comes into the boy's heart the desire to do right because it is right. I have visited the jail in nearly every large city in this country, and have talked to the boys in those jails. I find they are the victims largely of fear, and fear comes from an undeveloped heart. I ask the boy why he will not steal again and he invariably replies, "Because I will get in jail." He is afraid of a jail; he is not afraid to do wrong. A boy can be taught to do right because it is right; but that kind of teaching deals with the heart rather than the head. If he has been taught rightly and effectively, he will not answer as a boy did last week when I asked him why he did not tell his father the truth. He said, "Because

I would get a licking." The man or boy whose heart is right will suffer pain, will be burned at the stake or nailed to the cross in standing for the right; and these things have for him no terror. We shall never get strong boys until we get those who have a conscience. Conscience comes through training of the heart rather than the head. Conscience is the moral director; without it character is impossible, and character is the greatest need, for it means that the pure in heart shall see and know and act the truth, as surely as they shall see God.

I first met Dr. Merrill as a young man conducting a boys' club in one of those districts in Denver, to be found in all cities where poor people congregate, and being poor they have many children. I found that the boys understood Merrill and Merrill understood them, and, after all, as Dr. William Byron Forbush has well said, "The surest way of knowing a boy is to understand him." But you cannot understand him unless you know something of the human heart. I discovered in visiting that club and observing

those boys and the young man who was adding so much helpfulness to their lives, that he knew something about the heart of a boy, or he could not have had the loyalty, love and obedience that was shown in the acts as well as the faces of those boys. Later during the three years that Doctor Merrill was associated with me I found that I had made no mistake in selecting him for that important work. By his broad experience and eminent success in enterprises for boys, in the Juvenile Court of Denver and in the Halsted Institutional Church in Chicago, aided by his study and experience as a physician, no man is better equipped and, in my judgment, more capable of speaking and writing entertainingly, helpfully and wisely upon this subject than Doctor Merrill.

In the following pages he has brought together, in an entertaining and instructive manner, some stories and essays on boy-life that every parent, teacher, and other individual interested in children should read.

BEN B. LINDSEY.

Denver, Col.

FOREWORD

ORDINARILY the boy is all right. I cannot say as much for big folk. If I could, there would be no boy problem. The trouble is with the adult. Boys are as good as the homes they come from, which is not saying that all boys are as good as their mothers. Sometimes fathers are not a credit to their sons.

We and others who preceded him have made the boy. He owes little to himself. Whether coming or going he is mostly concerned about getting what he can. And thus it shall be until he is an individual big enough to do something for the other fellow. Perhaps it has never occurred to you that you and I are responsible for the boy's forming. We are. And we ought to be as efficient at the job, as faithful, conscientious effort can make us.

In these pages I have tried to encourage

an interest in the boy. Determine to win him. Be an ardent lover. Be chummy. Then be a searcher. You will find his heart in the out-of-doors. Or maybe you may find it in the quiet glow of the hearth when he is tired from the game and is sitting with his arm around your neck asking you to tell him a story.

LILBURN MERRILL.

Changli, China.

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The Kid's Honour

He had neither shirt, shoes nor stockings. Small sharp eyes, restless and bright as a rat's gleamed out of the careworn features of an old man which surmounted the spare, stunted frame of a child of ten. It was the child, not so much of the slum, which is the fœtid lair of the savage of civilization, as of the street—the desert of the City Arab.—*Stead.*

THE KID'S HONOUR

I CAN no longer address my lads as "kids." That fact dawned upon me one winter night a few years ago. My friend, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, and I had just come into Chicago and within the hour were facing a turbulent, good-natured audience of boys. They were their own individual, polyglot selves. Some one thoughtfully suggested that, and I later consented to let the statement stand as a fact. They looked ordinary enough, except that the twelve lads who were pointed out to us on the front row as representing half a dozen nationalities, gave us a hint of the cosmopolitanism of the place.

Now up to this time there was, as we thought, a port of entry to the good nature of every boy in the Union. And on this occasion we looked over the roomful of hopefuls and, being introduced, we, as usual, made

a chummy salutation to "de kids." The kid spirit vanished with the salutation and the atmosphere became chilly. Then a black-headed Bohemian boy who was at least three years prematurely ensheathed in a pair of long trousers that reached from his armpits and left five inches of excess turned up at the bottom, spoke for the assembly:

"Gowan, what youse givin' us? You tink we is bleatin' nannies wid whiskers? We ain't kids, we's guys!"

Ordinarily I shall sympathetically abide by the objection of my lads. But on this occasion I am determined to disregard their feelings and speak of the honour found among the common kids.

In most communities they are a class by themselves, usually distrusted and carelessly pushed out of the way with indifference and a suspicious glance. Some of us find ourselves reasonably ruffled in our spirits in the presence of this contemptible, unchristian attitude that regards every little, dirty, neglected lad of the street as an untrustworthy brat. And in such a moment of irritation I

am consoled by remembering that even the cleanest of the little angels who help to dispose of the luxuries of our homes are sometimes in an atmosphere where faith and confidence are at the minimum. Perceval was one of these distrusted chaps.

"Say, mamma," he said to his mother one day, "do you trust me?"

"Why, Percy dear, of course I do. Why should you ask me such a question?" replied the fond mother who had failed to make either the pantry or her words conform with her heart.

"Well," continued the lad, "I was just wondering if you trust me, why you keep the jam so high up in the pantry."

I would like to know that the common suspicion shown towards the kids of the street is a thoughtless indifference rather than a willful distrust. But it isn't always the case by any means. If the adult would wait for a willful violation of the law to create his distrust we should have less cause to criticise any feelings of suspicion and indifference that he might manifest. But even

this disposition towards the boy is so grossly uncharitable that not many even moderately sympathetic folks would claim it as an excuse for distrusting the honour of a kid. On the whole our hearts are enlarging. A century ago a lad legally charged with swiping a two-pence would have had no cause to question what the penalty would be. His grandchildren would learn that he was a thief.

The Juvenile Court reform movement has properly swung many of its advocates far over to the sympathetic side. And some of us who by nature haven't much severity in our constitutions when in the presence of a child entered into the new order with enthusiasm.

I remember the first case that was assigned to me in the children's court of Denver some years ago. He was said to be a ten-year-old boy who, for reasons of his own, had made it a rule of his life to keep away from the schoolroom and live an independent life in the open, a safe distance from every officer of the law who might interfere with his liberty. The school attendance officer had on numerous occasions caught sight of

the youngster afar, but after long soul-wearying chases, he concluded that the "sight" was the only thing he could catch. Then the complaint came to the probation department of the court and I went down through the alleys and across the tracks to the ten-by-twelve frame shack where Elwood was supposed to live with his mother. I rapped on the door in a sort of an indifferent way, as though there was nothing particular I wanted. It must have sounded that way on the inside, for the boy who happened to be in, yelled, "What d'you want?"

"Oh," said I, "I'm not so very particular. Suppose we start in with a piece of friendly conversation."

"Naw you don't," returned the lad, "I ain't got no time. I'm busy. Who are you?"

"Well," I replied, "I might be Santa Claus, only I'm not. Say, Elwood," I continued, "if a kid can run a mile in twelve minutes how long would it take a fly-cop to catch him if the cop could run five miles an hour?"

"Aw, go pull your freight!" retorted the boy in the house. "Are you a cop?"

"Well if I am," said I, still standing on the outside talking through the keyhole of the locked door, "I'm the slowest moving cop that ever tried to get through a pine door. But if you will give me a show on the home stretch of a five-mile trot, I'll show you I can go a few. Come on and open the door so I can be sociable; 'cause if you don't I'm liable to turn you down some day when you are standing at the inside of a door begging me to let you out."

Either this speech or his curiosity brought him to the door. I heard him turn the lock cautiously; then the door opened and I faced a slender, scowling, dirt-covered boy of average growth. He viewed me as a stranger and consequently an enemy. I stepped inside and after inspecting a bird-trap he had been making I asked him to get his hat. Then he knew he had been caught.

But Elwood was not the kind of a chap who would howl when confronted with trouble. He yielded willingly and went with

me the fifty feet to the railroad track. I am not sure what I did as we stepped on to the track. But whatever it was Elwood saw in it his opportunity, and before I could look around to see where he had gone he had put twenty feet of track back of him and then I began to warm up my feet. I was later told by a fellow who watched the race that on the final heat my ankles were smoking. Without giving further details of the run it will be sufficient to remark that I caught him.

I think that was the first thing that gave the boy any confidence in me. We rode in a street car a couple of miles to the office, and by the time we got to my desk we were feeling a bit chummy. It was then nearly six o'clock in the evening and we were in the room alone. I told the boy I wanted to write a letter and handed him a boys' magazine to look at. He knew I was going to take him to the Detention School as soon as I was through, and furthermore that he would have to remain there until his case was heard in the court. When the letter

was written I asked him if he would run down the main business street of the city and mail the letter for me at a corner two squares from the court-house, and that if he would wait at the corner I would join him in a few minutes. He took the letter and left the office. In five minutes I locked my desk and went down the street, and the dirty, police-chased lad who had done enough bad things to send him to the State School several times was waiting for me at the corner.

Now I was sure about the honour of a kid. A little while later I had another case. This time a bright, decent-looking boy of thirteen years "blew in," as he said, from Cripple Creek, where his stepfather had run away and left him alone. His mother lived in Idaho. We found a job for the boy which he kept for a number of weeks and then he wanted to go home to his mother. He paid for a second-hand wheel during his employment and when I supplied eighteen dollars for his railroad ticket he kindly suggested that I could hold the bicycle for security until he could send me the money from his home.

Then I patted the lad on the head and said good-bye. But I didn't know how much I was saying good-bye to. A few days later I dropped into the bicycle store to ask about the wheel and was informed that the boy had twelve dollars borrowed on it. I instantly paid the debt with the wheel and concluded to wait for my eighteen. I am still expecting to wait a while.

This little pocket-touching experience really has no place in these remarks, except for the reason that I have concluded that contrasts are beneficial. I now love Elwood more. But maybe Elwood had no particular affinity for letters, and furthermore it had been said, and truthfully, that they fed well at the Detention School. Then in justice to the Idaho traveller, it may be suspected that eighteen was his unlucky number—as well as mine. But *pro* and *con*, whichever way the evidence goes, I shall think well of both boys.

True, I am short, eighteen, but I have been thinking about the source of the dishonour. It was bad no matter how I looked

at it. Bad mother, bad home, bad mining-camp in Idaho, and a bad stepfather thrown in. And I invested eighteen dollars in the product of all that.

Some one will say, the *bad* product of all that. But I shall not. I still have faith in the honour of the kid from Idaho. I do not know how anxious he was to see his mother. And I don't know what happened after he left. And finally I don't know what may happen to-morrow. I have been surprised several times with the final outcome of things. Only yesterday a boy pushed his way through a crowd and greeted me with affection, while I recalled the fact that the last time I had seen him was several years ago when I was obliged to wash out his foul mouth with soap and water as a prophylactic measure for the protection of morals. Since that time I had never expected to get a pleasant smile from him.

Speaking of the bad influences back of the dishonour of the kid, reminds me of a case which illustrates the way the Colorado law is applied to contributory influences.

An investigation was occasioned by complaints from a railway company against some boys who habitually loitered about the tracks gathering coal. The case was assigned to two officers who went down to the yards and there found the fellows actively engaged in throwing coal from the cars and loading it on their carts. The lads were taken to the Detention School and the parents notified of the calamity that had befallen the thieves. Within an hour after the boys were placed in the school the exasperated parents began to assemble at the office and seek the release of their "wicked kids." Fortunately, we learned to what degree the kids were "wicked" and the only official recognition we gave to them was to enter them as witnesses, and in our record notation we classed them as the unfortunate offspring of "wicked parents."

The boys were released and the fathers brought into court, charged with contributory delinquency. Then the trouble began. Surely this was a new order of things. One of the fathers—an Orthodox Jew—had been

unceasingly solicitous concerning what the judge would do with him.

The case was heard and Judge Lindsey informed the defendants that he had found them guilty and would, therefore, sentence them to five days in jail and would suspend the sentence upon the payment of one-half of the costs.

The Jewish father listened eagerly to the court's decision, then raised his head from his coat into which his chin had settled during the hearing and quickly counted the number of guilty fathers. His countenance betokened a sense of satisfaction and with his palms elevated ceilingward he addressed the court.

"You tink, den, it would be about von dollar apiece?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Sackovinsky," replied the judge. "It will amount to at least $6.00 for each defendant!"

Mr. Sackovinsky's heart collapsed. His hopeful anticipation was gone and in utter despair he turned to his boy and exclaimed: "Mein Gott! Jakie, Jakie, see vot a lot of

damage you done your father in fifteen little minutes!"

I was later reliably informed that Mr. Sackovinsky thereafter ordered his coal from the local dealer and Jakie was saved from being unjustly branded as a thief.

This is more than I expected to say about the dishonour of a kid. My personal opinion is that back of whatever dishonour there may be in the actions of a boy, there is a contributory influence. But that leads to another subject.

While standing on a sidewalk one evening in the midst of a crowd of boys, I recovered my watch, just as a fourteen-year-old boy had lifted it out of my pocket. During the following six months several hundred of the boys of that community, which borders what has been spoken of in the press as the "wickedest police district in the world," had free access to my room and were in and out at all hours of the day and late every night. During these months small amounts of money were constantly lying about my desk in small coins, together with a large number

of trifling articles of interest to any boy. So far as I know not a cent of money or any article was taken until in the spring when an eight-year-old, weak-minded boy and his nine-year-old brother took fifteen or twenty cents and a few small trinkets. I am not disposed to make invidious comparisons, but I cannot refrain from adding that I have been in some other communities where one would expect more of the boys, and be disappointed.

I believe in the kid. I believe in the strength of the moral fibre of his life. This is sure: he hasn't very much to help him. When I hear a man curse the kid I am curious to know how much the man has ever done to help the kid, or even get acquainted with him. Unless you are interested in the lads it is not likely you would be giving time to my words. You are sympathetic. You give the kids a place on the sidewalk. But tell me, my friend, can you put your finger on one of these boys you smile at and call him by name, and hear your name spoken in return? Have you ever been so well ac-

quainted with a single little ragamuffin that he would take time to hunt you up or stop you on the street and tell you something? Maybe what he might tell you would amount to nothing—to you; but to him it might be the secret of a heartache, or the anticipation of a great pleasure.

Friend, the kingdom of heaven is not far from the common kid. He doesn't know it, and if he did it wouldn't influence him very much. I mention the fact because the Master said something about it. You doubtless recall the thought. It is to the childlike that the kingdom of heaven belongs. I am sure Christ had His arms around more children than are mentioned in the Gospels. If some one should paint a picture of the Master sitting in the midst of a bunch of dirty-faced lads who were off with their fishing tackle and bait along the shore of Galilee, I would declare the vision was an inspiration from God.

Get acquainted with the fellow to whom no one has ever given any attention, more than to carelessly dub him a common kid. If he

is suspicious and diffident, don't turn him down as unsociable. Remember that he has not met many of your stamp. Spend all the time and energy necessary to rub through the shell, and then you'll find—not the common kid—but the boy, with the possibilities of the brightest, largest and most useful manhood. And incidentally, anything you do for the boy will do more for yourself.

As I have watched the many acts of genuine honour and fidelity, and caught glimpses of the love, faith, generosity, honesty, and sincere devotion to a friend, that spring forth from the common boys of the street, I have thanked God for the privilege of touching my hat in recognition of their friendly greeting. And as I have received their love and esteem I have been more honoured than if I had received the favour of a king.

The Heart of a Boy

In dealing with my child, my Latin and my Greek, my accomplishments and my money stead me nothing, but as much soul as I have avails.—*Emerson.*

THE HEART OF A BOY

THERE was once a lecturer whose face was not in keeping with her wearing apparel. She had made a heroic effort to conform her garments to the feelings of her soul, and people suspected that it would have been easy for her to curse the limitations of the sex. She was as withered as an unshelled hickory-nut in March. Her cheeks were furrowed by a soul out of sorts because of the mistake that had been made in creating her a woman. In the spring time of her life love had been buried in her heart and now she had become senile. This woman had been analyzing the "child consciousness," and she stated that after extended observation and personal contact with children, she had concluded that boys do not like to be loved. Furthermore she had observed that they resented any exhibition of affection towards them. We who heard the lecture did

not blame them. They were quite justified in shying off into their own love-realm at her approach.

Perhaps I am not up on her psychology of the subject, but I believe the boy of it is quite a different story. I do not believe in the theory of the woman lecturer. I believe in the boy. If we are not frightened by explosive energy, we will find somewhere in every rollicking, hilarious, tamed or untamed boy, a big, tender, loving heart. The heart of a boy—God made it and made it like Himself, and when we locate it, we shall find, I think, that it is the largest part of the boy.

Frankly, I like boys. Their laughing eyes and generous indifference as to whether school keeps or not is so akin to the bewitching loveliness of little misses who send sparkling glances at you through their tresses, and blush like a sun-kissed posy and giggle, that on my word I cannot but love them. God made them for that. I can never forget God in the presence of a child, for the child is the latest revelation from God. A boy has only a certain capacity, which is to say that

his calibre is limited, and God could generously bless him with only one of His attributes; therefore He chose love as best befitting the little heart for its journey through earth's meadowland. Since then, love has been indigenous to the heart of a boy. And the purveyor of love who does not measure his affection, but lets it radiate like the warmth of an autumn sun, will be soon rewarded, for love will find its way to the boy's heart and the lad will be reached across lots, like a youngster going swimming.

As I think about it, I believe I knew that fact some years ago when I was a boy. As is frequently the case, when I became a man I forgot it. Then I came back to the fact.

We had, for some time, been trying to control the conduct of a little fellow who lives over in a lower section of the city. He was an Ishmaelite. And being a Westerner, with disregard for law, he was an outlaw kid. For months he held his record of living at liberty in the clear, a hundred yards from every officer of the probation department who had suffered with hot feet in efforts to

round him up. Naturally, this acquaintance, formed at a distance and generally on the run, made his capture an event. So when he was brought in one evening I almost unconsciously turned from the desk to arrange for his prompt removal to the Detention School. Happily, the second thought came that moment and I sat down. The boy was at a window with his cap crushed carelessly between his hands and a pair of well-worn knee trousers. A heavy growth of brown hair had been carelessly brushed away from his forehead and as I looked at him, all evidence of the outlaw and runaway disappeared and I was confronted by a sad, neglected, twelve-year-old boy. Nobody had found his heart. That was the thought that held me. Just why I was blessed with so good a thought at that moment, I do not know. I believe, however, that I went back a dozen years and remembered that a heart was common to the constitution of a boy.

If you had been with the boy that moment, and were as I am, I am sure you would have gone over and placed your arm about his

shoulder and told him to sit down with you in the big chair and talk it over. That is what I did. And all the reply the boy made was to choke up and make a hard effort to keep back the tears. But the grit of the outlaw was gone. The tears welled up in his eyes and he laid his head against me and began to sob. I learned that hour that the boy did not need the Detention School or the court. He needed a friend. He needed some one who could reach his heart.

During his few years he had been sheltered at such times as he was not "out," by his parents who had long ago forgotten that there was anything in him but original sin. I met the father and listened to his troubles. It was apparent that the only troublesome factor in their home was the twelve-year-old boy. Later I was told that the father was in the habit of doing more praying for the boy than the lad will want to hear, I predict, during the first ten years of his married life. Some one reported that a single, jolly smile had, at one time, crept through this father's heavy, black whiskers. By a sad misfortune the boy

hove in sight just at that happy moment, and the man's falling facial barometer gave positive assurance that the boy had been bad. Well, after the father was through with him the delinquent twelve-year-old confessed that he wanted to go to the ball game mighty bad, so he went. The boy did right. If the man had been on the trail to his boy's heart, he would have found it on the front seat among the bleachers. And if the father had made a record that day at rooting with the outlaw, family prayers that night would have been more interesting, and the father and mother might have fallen asleep with happy hearts. Love will win its way to the heart of a boy, if the lover does more chumming than praying.

I have lived in several places and met some bad boys. And I have learned that the average home exerts a positive influence for morality. This does not necessarily mean very much. Some persons who are trying to help juvenile delinquents have found a surprisingly large number of child offenders coming from homes of apparently high ideals

and strict moral discipline. There can be but one conclusion, which is, that a boy needs more than an atmosphere of morality and respectable conduct. I am sure that he needs even more than spiritual discipline. These he should have, but without the warm, mutual love and comradeship between a boy and his parents, I shall expect the lad to be in as great danger of rendering obedience to sin as another child who is reared in a negative moral atmosphere. Half of the children in our cities have no special love for their parents. Association, food and clothing are the only bonds existing between more boys and fathers than I like to contemplate. This is one of the deplorable facts about the American home and it is somewhere back of nearly every boy gone wrong. But so long as a father takes no pains to become acquainted with his boy, he must be willing for the child to appreciate him only for the food and clothing which he provides.

We frequently fail with boys because we present them to conditions which do not harmonize with the masculinity of their nature.

We devote much time trying to effeminize boy-nature. In so doing we at once strike a decisive blow at the object of our effort. Many enterprises for boys suffer an irreparable loss through the lethargy of the men. There is a known weakness in much of our effort to get at the boys. It is the selfish indifference of the man who has an opportunity to reach down his hand to the boy at his side and say, "My little man, let's be friends." What will the boy do? If you ever were a boy, you know what the lad will do. The man would lift the lad to his own level. Our first concern shall be about the man. Things to do should be thought of later. And remember that the man is more important than the methods.

It is not a mistake to dote on the gregarious nature of the boy, if you have a "quantitative" interest in youngsters. The gang is, unquestionably, an opportunity of which we should avail ourselves. If won for righteousness we shall, naturally, have a potential of vast importance. And if the gang be well in hand it will be easier for a boy to maintain

his standard of righteousness, for he will be encouraged by the unity of sentiment. But I do not believe that boys are redeemed in the aggregate. If the gang is won for good citizenship and Christian character, they shall have to be reached one by one through the magnetic personality of the individual who is gifted with the power to win the love and confidence of the individual boy.

Getting at the boys need not be the almost impossible task we have thought it to be. The boy is loving, responsive and easily won. If you would win him, love him. See to it, however, that your affection does not become obnoxious by the development of too much sentiment and you will, in due time, touch hearts with him, and mutual love will establish a kinship. If you get to the heart of a boy there will be nothing much left to trouble you.

There are always enough discouragements in work with boys to suggest a resignation. You may consider your situation unusual if it isn't so. There is danger of a worker trying to handle too many boys. Then the resignation is in place. Pick out a few fel-

lows with whom your soul strikes an affinity. Don't throw up the job. You dare not do it if you are a man. The boy is your younger brother, though he is not always the lad who sits with you at the home table. Sometimes he is and you tolerate him. But more often he is the untamed youngster who moves about here and there for you down at the shop or office. Or he may venture to sidle up to you around town with a perceptible emulation of your coveted size, which turns to you a larger compliment than you deserve. Wherever you meet him, my fellow, he is the same admiring, willing, noisy, untamed, lovable youngster, and your younger brother.

Most of us do not know him. He has jostled against us occasionally and we have concluded that he is the mongrel creation of some unknown, foreign force. This is our notion until we are jarred loose from our isolated life by the discovery that he is what we were or might have been, except for the good fortune of a home or the fellowship of a friend. You and I are a part of some boy's troubles. Back of his character is the in-

fluence that has emanated from your life and mine. There is considerable significance in the fact that only the exceptional few, out of thousands of delinquent boys, are characterized by a morphological difference from the average type of youngsters. The juvenile courts of America are working overtime, trying to solve the problems produced by these boys who are not one whit worse than some of us were a few years back. It is the discovery of this fact that gives inspiration and faith to many officials in the children's courts of the country.

One morning, a few years ago, I found a mother waiting at my desk with her fourteen-year-old boy, whom she declared was incorrigible and so far beyond the control of his parents that she felt his future welfare demanded that the State should take him in hand. He was an average, vigorous boy, with abundant independence and a kind heart. The mother sat in silence for a few minutes until she could control her emotion. Then she told her story.

It was back in August, some months be-

fore, when George began to show a careless indifference to her advice. September came and with it the opening of school. The boy had manifested a moody antipathy to any mention of his school interests and when the opening day arrived, he defiantly refused to give any further obedience to his mother and started from home to have his way. She was left at the door, with a burden such as only a mother can know, when her boy has willfully refused her counsel and placed himself at enmity with her desire. Then followed weeks of vacillating conduct which made heavy inroads upon his character; and now in her desperation she had brought him to the children's court, praying that something might be done to save him from a useless life.

As she told me of her sorrow, the story carried my thought back to a day, eleven years before, when I saw myself an unsteady, independent, though not unkind boy, standing at the front gate of our home, resisting the appeal of my mother. On the first day of the term I had refused to return to the very school George had forsaken! It was

the crucial moment and I had my way. Since then eleven years had passed. Fortunately I came to myself, fought my battle and won. And now there sat at my side in the probation department of the court a boy threatened with commitment to a correctional institution, who was a perfect embodiment of all that I had been.

During the years that have passed since then, I have not ceased to remember the fellowship of that hour, for in his presence I got a new and broader idea of solidarity. Social brotherhood expanded at that meeting and I learned that the bad boy is what I am except for a friend and the grace of God.

There is latent in the bad boy every essential for the making of ruined manhood. Whether he shall evolve into a social problem or not, is the query that you and I must answer. Perhaps you did not agree when I said you and I are a part of some boy's troubles. I mean just that. And there is no one who can wield the same control over the affections and activity of a boy as can a man. There is your opportunity and mine.

But, my brother, if you are going to win out with the youngsters, you must have an interest in them. If you would discharge your duty to society, you will not forget that the bad boy is your younger brother. He needs the love and generous fellowship of a man. If you doubt the efficiency of your influence, try it with that lad who wants to be your friend. He will reciprocate your fellowship, and my only concern shall be whether you are honest, strong and of a pure heart.

There are many discouragements. Sometimes we wonder if with all our striving for ways and means of reaching a boy, we are really winning. At times we are not sure. The periphery of a boy may baffle a score of adults. Then some one will smile at all this and say with a twinkle, that the easiest way to the heart of a boy is through his stomach. The heart on that route is of another sort. We are talking about the heart of a boy, out of which are the issues of life. It is bigger and harder to control than any gastric capacity, which, I admit, is saying much.

Jimmy's Heritage of Weakness

Parents control the bodies and minds, the hearts and souls of their children, not so much by what their ancestors were as by what they themselves do and think.—*Oppenheim.*

JIMMY'S HERITAGE OF WEAKNESS

THERE is a lad I know who reminds me of the question, "Who did sin, this man or his father?" I have heard the question objected to. Unfortunately the objector hasn't modified the evidence which suggested the query and when I met Jimmy I asked it again.

A voluminous literature of the last decade has quite completely relegated hereditary influence into an oblivion of insignificance, and champions of child-saving agencies have discoursed liberally upon the all-importance of environment in the making of character. But after all, the child who passes through adolescence and emerges in manhood an embodiment of the transforming power of environment, is unquestionably rare, as compared with the vast majority who retain their original natures in the presence of our formidable organization of social agencies.

Every person who has won the friendship of a boy stands in the presence of a great opportunity. Perhaps mere association may deflect a child's career and be responsible for the making of a great character. There is an immeasurable potency in human association, but even with a full appreciation of the value of social pedagogy in work for the moral development of boys, I am persuaded that the efficiency of such work is much less than it would be if the Divine element were recognized and a systematic effort were made to develop the spiritual nature of the boy. Of course, I am now speaking of the permanent efficiency of our efforts. The conduct of a troublesome boy may be perfectly controlled by association with an individual who has established his kinship, but unless the influence has gone beyond the restricting effect of friendly association, the evidence of moral reformation will disappear with the friend whose mere personality has held the boy in check. In the presence of our many failures to secure permanent transformation of character in the

pubescent boy, we often remark that if we were able to control the conduct of the child during his early years, there would be little doubt about the moral status of the man. But I am not so sure about it. And now I want to tell you a story.

Jimmy had just turned thirteen. He spent the day with the kids and early in the evening called at the home of his friend for inspection. Taken from the rear he was always an uncertain quantity. He wore an old slouch hat, heavy and well soaked with an accumulation of several years, set low over his head, with its brim pulled well down over his eyes and ears. His coat might have been sufficient for the remainder of the minimum attire stipulated by the customs of the community. And indeed if you had seen him from this posterior standpoint, on some previous occasion, there would have been no visible evidence of trousers, for below the knee extremity of the coat usually appeared a pair of dirty, brown legs which were the only indication that the hat and coat were the raiment of a real, live boy.

To-day Jimmy had passed out of the "knee-pants" class and he ran eagerly across the lawn to his friend, with joy sparkling out of two of the biggest and most luring brown eyes that ever lent charm to an otherwise attractive little face.

"Hello, Doc!" began the youngster, "guess you don't think I ain't something to-day; ain't I?"

"Well I should say you are, old man. Bless your heart, I am glad to see you," responded his friend, taking a handful of slack out of the lad's collar as he pulled him to his side. "My what a dandy, big fellow you are to-day. Where have you been?" By this time Jimmy had placed himself over the corner of a veranda seat with his right foot held rigidly over his left knee.

"Aw, I been down celebratin' de extension of me pants and I thought I'd come over and let you see 'em."

A glimpse at the boy was always sufficient to awaken the memory, and with this warm greeting and the hour of friendly chat that followed, the thoughts of his friend were sent

back over the past to review the story of Jimmy's heritage which had long before made him an unanswerable argument in favour of "original sin."

It was back in the early spring time, I believe, three years ago, when Jimmy was placed under arrest, accompanied by his confrère, a jolly, red-cheeked little chap of ten years. The two boys had rented a livery rig, ostensibly for an hour's ride about the neighbourhood. The hour passed with no return of the youngsters, and with the evening shadows came a suspicion that the liveryman's horse and buggy was the loot of designing little thieves. An officer was placed on the case and the following day Jimmy and his pard were interrupted while making camp along the roadside in a mountain cañon, forty miles from home.

The harshness of the law in its application to Jimmy and his fellow had been tempered with the Christ spirit of devotion to the interests of the child, rather than to the mercenary consideration of the horse flesh and vehicle. And so in harmony with this *parens patriæ*

spirit of the law, Jimmy met his friend. The tears flooded out of the big, brown eyes, and the kindly judge tenderly forgave him for his mistake and requested the new friend to help him out of his trouble.

During the hearing of the case a heart-broken mother sat at one side of the room, endeavouring with her own weeping and burdened spirit to console the sobbing of the sweet little five- and seven-year-old sisters, one clinging about her neck while the other cried convulsively with a curly head buried in her mother's lap. The friend turned the boy over to his mother and made an appointment to visit them at their home during the week. Thus came Jimmy before the State, silently pleading his case, and thus was he heard as an unfortunate child needing encouragement and assistance.

We are, most of us, abundantly charitable in indicting the past. The present stands heroically for its own weakness. But from the knotted, tangled products which drop here and there from the loom of life, emanates a powerful conviction that the environment

which we have doted upon as a supreme factor in the making of character, is not of the high potency we have believed it to be. The virtues of our fathers abide in our memories as cherished legacies, while their sins have silently impregnated our lives. We stifle the sudden emotion which would curse the past and bow with reverence before the silence of those who have given us the heritage of weakness; and throughout our days we strive manfully to overcome the handicap and make our victory supreme. Jimmy had not learned to strive manfully.

The friend made his way, a few evenings later, to Jimmy's home, a well-worn, four-room cottage, that set far back from a sparsely populated street. From the intermittent condition of the picket fence and board walk around the house to the back door that hung unsteadily on a leather hinge, it was apparent that the place had served these many years with no care given the disintegration of a once attractive little home.

The mother received the visitor at the back door and tendered him a chair while she

pulled together the two edges of a torn apron and sat down on a soap box next to the door leading to an adjoining room. The little sisters—God bless their sweet, innocent lives! —climbed over her lap and finally were quietly adjusted with all arms about the mother's neck. Jimmy was out.

"It is a pleasure to have you come, sir," began the mother. "I trust you will pardon the necessity of receiving you in the kitchen. We have no other fire." Her tender brown eyes became moist and a tear trickled out and splashed on the cheek of her baby girl. For an instant, her thoughts were off somewhere in other days. She lowered her head and gave each of the little ones a kiss. "Pardon the necessity." The words hung in the visitor's thoughts and for some moments he forgot to speak and sat absorbing from the silence the suspicion of a sorrow that had lived back of the necessity and that now lived as a still heavier burden on the mother's heart. She had pitied Jimmy during the years and mother-love had looked with faith beyond the many dishonest acts

and the unreliable character of his variegated little life, and somehow, through it all, she expected him to grow away from his weakness.

But Jimmy continued to go to the bad, and faster than ever. This very evening, an hour before the friend called, some boys of the neighbourhood had told her that Jimmy, during the afternoon, had started to bum to a city one hundred and fifty miles distant. "And this," sobbed the mother, "in the presence of the fact that the law has laid a kind hand upon him for a serious offense. Sir," she continued, tenderly caressing the little ones who still clung about her neck, "I have tried hard and prayed that God might cause my boy to outgrow the influence of the past. And with all my burden, never an unkind word has the boy heard from me against his father."

Her words stopped for a moment. She glanced down at the girls who were now seeing who could give her the most kisses. When she looked up her eyes had lost their tenderness. "I know it's the story of a

family sorrow, and such as it is, you doubtless hear every hour when you seek to be a friend to a child in trouble. But you must know that my Jimmy is not deserving of all the censure his bad conduct has placed upon him. From the time he was four years of age his unsteady life has been ever more and more vacillating and controlled by some hidden power that has made him dishonest in the very hour that he has wept himself sick at my breast, begging me to forgive him for stealing the last dollar I had in the house with which to buy our bread. No, sir, I can't be too hard on the lad, when he comes to me and through his tears tells me he doesn't know why he is so bad. Somehow I look down into his pleading eyes, and then something chokes up in my throat, and all I can do is lose my thoughts for a time and I find myself tightly embraced by his loving arms. And thus we sit for an hour weeping together, he with the remorse, and I—God forgive me!—out of a pitying heart that curses the man whose sinful life has made it hard for our little boy to be good."

The friend sat in silence. He heard the story and with a kind word to the mother and some candy for the little ones, he went out into the night with a prayer that he, too, might be forgiven for his thoughts about the man whose unrighteous life had caused his boy to sin.

Jimmy returned from his trip in a few days. He brought no excuse: only the warmest and most innocent smile. He had enjoyed himself. No one asked how he had lived. His mother and the friend had no doubts about the source of his supply. The weeks passed and Jimmy maintained his record of faithful attendance at school, a day and a half in a week and a half, except at such times, as, in all justice, he found it tasteful to take an extra half day off to attend a ball game, or some other attraction of equal merit. Frequently he prevailed upon his solicitous friends to permit him to go to work. He no sooner had the consent, than a job was found and accepted. When he met his friend the next month, he was either working in another part of town or had just

returned from a trip across the state on "de bumpers," or if luck had moved in his direction, it was more than probable that he had "rode de cushions." Thus did the months pass, and to-day Jimmy is thirteen.

This is the end of my story. And I suspect you are about to remark that it doesn't end right, to satisfy your curiosity about what came afterwards. That is true, but it ends with the boy. And it ends precisely where many fellows are at this moment, for my friend Jimmy is one of a class of chaps who are inherently weak in their moral fibre. Their trouble is in the foundation of their character. When you think about and plan for these fellows, don't rely upon the erroneous idea that the nature of the child is of the same consistency as potter's clay. I have too often seen the "transformed" culprit revert back to himself, when he no longer cherished the generosity of solicitous friends.

Jimmy's presence is a challenge to the Church. He needs the Source of power. Society calls him a bad boy, which he is not.

He is a weak boy. Social agencies have done their best and their influence has been transient. Human effort is only a palliative. That's all. Jimmy is not being cured. And now I would like to suggest a question: Can God do anything for the lad? Friend, think about that. I want your answer. Only you must think quick, for I will not let the question stand long unanswered. Can God fix up the lad? Ah, yes, indeed He can. The lad will be safe in His hands. You agree with that. The boy's relation to the Cure is worth more to the Church than we have thought. Jimmy is in the transition and will evolve into a man, and of still greater significance is the fact that he will evolve into an undesirable citizen. The Church will then exert herself heroically in an effort to redeem him for the kingdom. I would not in any degree minimize the importance of saving the man at the worst end of his life; only that gives such small returns compared with the limitless balance of power that is conserved when we catch the citizen early.

The lad's heritage of weakness ought to

urge upon us the supreme importance of God's influence in the development of his character. There is a cure for Jimmy's weakness. The boy needs Jesus Christ.

A Boy, Two Flights of Stairs, and a Friend

You can do more through love than you can through hate. Bulldozing and angry threats may sometimes seem to win, but love is the only true balm for a wounded soul, especially of a boy, even if it sometimes seems to fail.—*Lindsey.*

A BOY, TWO FLIGHTS OF STAIRS, AND A FRIEND

JOHN WARRASKLOWSKI is a special friend of mine. He came in to see me this afternoon, as he does every day, and brought with him his big, happy smile that is always with him, and which makes me feel so good every time I see it that I wish I could have a frame put around it and hang it on the wall where I might look at it when I get the dumps. I suppose I ought to be ashamed of myself for even thinking of being dumpy when my friend John is such a chunk of happiness. And I am ashamed of myself. I have been treated pretty well. Nobody would say that about John.

I found out about some of the rough sides of life that his tender years have had to rub against and now when I look up from my work and see his laughing eyes peeping around the corner of the door at me, I am

compelled to laugh, though something in the very sight of him makes me heavy at my heart. But I never let him know that and as soon as he sees that I don't object, in he comes and right over to my side and announces that he has come up to see me.

He never remembers that I am busy. To-day I was in the midst of some thinking. What was the thought I was after?—bless me! it has gone as suddenly as the boy came. But I shall not pull down my brow and try to recall it now. Some other time I may do that. To-day John is here and I am glad to see him. God knows I ought to be genuinely pleased, and so ought anybody, to have such a lad climb two flights of stairs just to "see you."

He must like the place. Though, honestly, there isn't much to the place but space and poor equipment; all of which is made good use of, however. But to those who have seen something better in the favoured spots where people speak good American, it is all suggestive of the neglect of some who ought to do better by John than they are doing. But,

as it is, John doesn't mind the neglect. More than likely he wouldn't know what neglect means if I should ask him. And certainly he would not see neglect up here, where he peeps in shyly and is happy. A little atmosphere that is warmed up with love seems to just meet his case and he, for the time, isn't aware of a thing in his soul but happiness.

Not many of us are like John. Climbing two flights of stairs brings him face to face with a contrast. If you should climb up with him, you too would feel and see a contrast, and you would glance about and smile a little meaningless smile, but what a difference between the two of you! Your contrast is of another kind. John has lived his own few years and you have lived yours. You think you have done very well. Maybe you have. But you have never looked back into John's soul and seen what sort of a soul it is after living a few, short years. So you may as well wish us good-day and go stumbling back down the dark, worn stairs and out into the noisy crowd, that goes jabbering along the street, tickling your ears with what is to

you a foreign tongue, but what is in reality, a dozen tongues.

I will drop my work and John and I will sit here for a while with nothing particular to do but visit. Inwardly, I am trying to get something to say to him. I have told him every last thing I know—and much more that I don't know—about Indians, mountain-lions, and the turn in the old, quiet creek, where we lads used to duck each other and have the best times of our lives. No, I'll take that back. That was altogether too selfish to be the most fun. It's very much better fun to be up here and feel my heart grow warm in the presence of John's affection.

John hasn't always been radiating love, for the very good reason that he hasn't had the good fortune of being with those who would tolerate it. If you think that sounds strange, you are mistaken. It is as commonplace as dirt in some second-rear shack, or fourth-story tenement. If God hadn't looked after John's soul, the lad wouldn't know how to smile, for he has been brought up (whatever that means) in one of such places that I had

trouble in finding a few days ago, when I jumped mud-puddles and waded through several others in the alley on my way to return a friendly call. When I reached the place, I wasn't sure where I was. A vigorous, young woman with rigid features and a child at her breast told me I was where I wanted to go; and then when she found out who I was she made haste to add that she wished I "would do something with the kid. He's on the bum and we can't do nothin' wid him. But you can," she added hopefully; the confession being either smooth tactics to transfer responsibility, or an honest admission of their failure. Then she continued: "That kid says he won't do anything for anybody but you."

She is John's sister and has taken her husband and three children in to share the floor space with the old folks, or she was driven in by the absence or meanness of her husband. I haven't taken the trouble to inquire which it is, but she is there and hasn't much faith in John; and maybe he has less faith in her. Perhaps there is poor excuse for the friction, and maybe there is much

cause for it. John may be a little terror at home. I wouldn't doubt it a bit. Honest, friend, wouldn't it be a miracle if he weren't? Ah, it would! That is the way I feel about it. You need not agree with me if you prefer to think otherwise. Since you don't know John, I shall not expect you to say, unless you have met a similar John and have been comparing experiences.

In justice to the man, I must tell you that John's father isn't as bad as he used to be. I have it on good authority that he came home drunk one night a few years ago, and proceeded to carry out his usual program on such occasions. Only this time the furniture suffered less than did one of the daughters. They took her to the hospital, and before she died, she sent for the lady whose loving Christian life had reached her over in the gymnasium at the Institutional Church. Then she died, wishing she had been as good a Christian as her gymnasium teacher. To this day I have heard John ask: "You have heard about my sister, what died, haven't you?" Yes, John, I have.

God Almighty pity the souls who do not offend, yet are sufferers. I want some time to stand on the brink of hell and see enough destruction of the liquor traffic to assure me that it has come unto its own. God knows I have seen enough of the product of the business to make me know where it belongs. Hell is too good for it—that is my only regret.

John's presence here to-day is not of doubtful significance. That is the way you would feel about it if he were your John or Clarence. Your boy, sir! I shall call John mine, and talk for him. My heart will not consent to have John hang around one of the one hundred and fifty saloons within half a mile of us. Nor will I be willing for him to loiter about the streets down here in this place at nine o'clock at night. It is bad enough at three in the afternoon. There are plenty of loiterers both around the saloons and on the streets at night. And boy loiterers at that. There isn't enough in John's home to entice him to stay there a great while after he has eaten his rye bread

and drunk his coffee. The fact that he comes our way is significant. When I know that John's foot rests on our door-step and I hear him coming up two flights of stairs, I become conscious that an opportunity is turned in our direction; and when John comes in and sits on the arm of my chair and is happy, I conclude that we are in the presence of a responsibility. Furthermore, when John is about, it is our honour.

Be generous, brother, and give me your boy for ten minutes. Let me dispose of John and put your dear lad in his place. Remember what sort of a home he has now, after taking John's place and suppose he has never known any other kind. One day he hears about something for boys over at the Institutional Church. He has passed the big, dirty building every day, as far back as he can remember, but he has never been in. This time he enters the club-room. They are having stereopticon pictures and a fellow is talking to the crowd of two hundred boys. He has told about some young man who had grit enough to do what was right even when

he knew he would be fed to the lions for doing it. Your boy listens to this and then hears the other fellows sing something about loving to tell the story, while beautiful pictures of the kindest face he ever saw look down at him from the screen. He hears an announcement about the gymnasium and baths, and true to the resolution he makes, the next evening he is in the gymnasium and having a "bully" time. When the class is through with the gymnasium he follows the fellows down-stairs to the baths and looks on doubtfully for a minute, for they don't have baths over his way. A wash-tub would be nearer like it. Sometimes it isn't even that. But the boy isn't prejudiced and he takes a shower.

If this experience of the boy were an abstract matter with me, I should guess that he would return for another bath. The fact is just that every time, and he comes back often. And if the man who greets the boy in the meetings and down in the rain-baths smiles a bit and is kind, he had better keep his ears open, for one of these days he

will hear a boy coming up two flights of stairs.

Is it significant? Yes, yes it is. There is a way to the heart of a boy, and some people are concluding that the boy is worth all of the equipment needed to provide an avenue of approach. And still more are concluding that they are in big business when they are good-natured, big, brotherly and chummy with a boy.

Now I cannot say how soon the gymnasium, baths and boys' club can make a Christian gentleman out of your boy—the boy, mind you, who has found in these things the fellowship and good cheer that have never before come into his life—but I'll venture that you are not a whit concerned about that. You are happy all over that the church down there in that congested district was big and liberal enough to attract your boy. And if your boy's future lay between the saloon or the street and the social life of the Institutional Church, you would say that your boy's presence at the top of two flights of stairs was significant.

The Transition to Manhood

If you are going to do anything permanent for the average man you have got to begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies in working with the boy and not with the man.—*Roosevelt.*

THE TRANSITION TO MANHOOD

AS soon as an American boy realizes that he is not so large as the other fellow, he begins to stand in front of the mark on the wall and watch himself grow. Long before he has persuaded his mother that the pleated kilt should be worn only by "sissy," he rebels at the thought of being a baby, and with his first pair of double-pocketed "knee-pants" he develops into a boy. Here he remains until the thought of a mustache begins to grow upon his upper lip, when he becomes more than a boy, but not quite a man.

These changes keep a boy's ambition alive, and every silent hour is burdened with the thought of what he is not and he longs to be a man. What inspiring dreams! If in later years his castles do not cover the earth, the failure may be due to an exhaustion of his resources in building the structures in the

air. But even so. This foretaste of greatness does not hamper a boy's life with a trailing-stone to retard his progress. It is ambition—his priceless inheritance—which will cheer him on to the reward earned only by those who strive for greatness.

The fire of youth should not smoulder. Let it blaze. It will burn out the excess of flimsy dreams and temper the life for the making of a useful and solid destiny. The youngster must spend part of his time making dreams, but see to it that he isn't a dreamer. Thinking about being a man will help him to become one, provided he is kept supplied with the stuff from which men are made.

Out in the back yard you see the little hopeful who, three minutes ago, slammed the door and jarred every nerve in your body because you drew the line when he thought his Indian equipment required the Navajo blanket that delights your eye whenever you look at that wall-seat over in the corner. Now he has started to whistle and is rigging up his Indian teepee, which cost you all the

gunny sacks on the place and a right good strip of carpet you had planned, that very day, to use on the back stairs. Or maybe you don't see the boy in the back yard. He may have fallen into the dumps when you gave him a piece of your mind, and is now on his way to Pat Flinnigan's. Nobody ever had such unmolested satisfaction in doing what he pleased as does Pat!

You sit down to study it over and conclude that your boy is beyond any puzzling creature you ever heard about. You are quite right. He is a proposition. But he is not unlike some other fellows who have built wigwams, or run away with the dumps, and then grown big and paid taxes for a back yard to accommodate an Indian camp. The whole trouble is in this: we are afflicted with hypermetropia, or far-sightedness. And we need to spend a quiet hour off somewhere in company with ourselves. The silence may suggest the source of a surprising number of unpleasant characteristics.

It would surely be very embarrassing to wait for a child to remind us, as did a little

fellow the other day. He and his sister Helen had been playing together in the back yard, while the mother was in the parlour entertaining a number of her lady friends. In the course of the hour a difficulty arose in the back yard. Harry was declaring that he positively knew he was right, and anyway he would not give in to a girl. He was of that unchivalrous age, preceding the delightful years that too often emerge into a post-chivalrous period, after the preacher is paid and the lovers discover that they are two souls with not a mutual thought.

Helen began to cry and started for the back door to seek the consoling lap of the mother. Harry followed a close second. The chatting in the parlour gave way to a consideration of the children's disagreement, and the mother turned to Harry.

"My boy," she began, "why do you and Helen always disagree and so often have spats when you are together?"

Could you imagine a harder question for an obstreperous youngster?

Harry had observed domestic government,

and he was thoughtful. The silence became embarrassing, but he found the answer.

"Well, mamma," he replied, "I don't know, unless it's 'cause I take after you and Helen takes after papa."

That was an awful shock for a boy to give his mother, and the mortification continued until after supper when she and her well-meaning husband talked it over. It cured them of their affliction. Thereafter, in looking for the source of their children's characteristics, they did not lose time with the old far-sighted vision.

Let us also become acquainted with ourselves, and be patient with the boy. He is in the transition. To-morrow you will have a man.

There is nothing unusual in this. Maturity comes sooner than we expect it. The lad goes away for a month's vacation and comes home a man. We need not be concerned at meeting the boy matured. And when we meet him, likely as not, he will impress us with the foolishness of proffering advice to a man. Naturally we are con-

cerned about the man, but frequently our concern does but little good, and it is foolish if the growth of a mustache is required to stimulate our anxiety. Certainly we ought to be supremely interested in the character of the man. But if our interest shall be intelligent, we will first believe in the autocracy of childhood.

Whatever of virtue and power the future man shall proffer the nation is latent to-day in the youth. Beginnings are generally autocratic. What is put into the start of life is put into all of life. A perverted use of any of the energies of adolescence bespeaks a weakened maturity, if not a tarnished career and a poor heritage to the future. An individual's childhood forms the character of his maturity, and the same development will be the primary potential in making the character of his posterity. Thus a child will live again, heredity securing physical immortality for the individual as well as for the race. I am compelled to believe in the autocracy of childhood and whether I welcome the burden, or seek to ignore it, I am conscious that

this fact places upon me a responsibility of supreme importance. For the child is not the architect of his own fate. He is the syllabus of the past, plus what I give to his life.

After childhood comes adolescence. It is the threshold of life. It is the transition period and the time when boys become men. Furthermore, what it develops or reveals may give you your first good reason to congratulate yourself for the good work you have done. Or you may have cause to feel otherwise. Up to this time you have been final authority and have enjoyed the honour. But not now. Something has happened, and you spend your time speculating on an uncertain quantity.

When the boy approaches his fourteenth or fifteenth year, a revolution arises in his mind and body. A latent element of his nature bursts into activity, fills him with strange impulses and places him in a new world. Girls whom he has heretofore recognized as mere playmates suddenly become to him the most beautiful creatures on earth. An internal war arises and all the contending forces

of his nature meet in closer conflict than ever before. His entire body pulsates with new life. School work goes slow and, take him altogether, he feels like anything but himself. What a mighty change! He passes the borderland into the mysterious country of youth, and is a man!

It is doubtless impossible for any environment to make a boy's soul invulnerable to evil. There are, however, no factors in social environment and education which can so surely safeguard and immunize the boy from the misuse of physical functions, as will adequate physical education imparted by a tactful parent or friend who has his love and confidence. No subject of education sustains a more vital relation to the life most of us live, than the laws governing the physical organism, yet no part of a child's or youth's education receives so little attention as this. The causes are varied. A portion of society stands condemned in the presence of the theme. The ultra-fastidious tastes and false modesty of many cause them to blush and flee in horror at the suggestion of any of the

mysteries of physical life; many more parents, dominated by excessive modesty in educating the children, answer their honest questions with silence or a lie, leaving the youngsters to absorb the talk of more enlightened companions by whom their questions are answered. This course of society is wrong. It is natural that boys and girls should be interested in themselves, and especially in the chief functions of their physical life.

There is no greater honour than to be the recipient of the confidence of a child. If you are so graciously favoured, it will be well for you to remember that adolescent impulses, if not restrained by the loving sympathy and careful guidance of a friend, may run riot with the life and project the soul into an eternity of remorse.

Do not taboo physical education, for a boy can't fight until he sees the enemy. That is the way I began my argument the other day, in the presence of a good mother who would sacrifice all, rather than have her boy know about some of the common moral dangers that tempt boys and girls when they step out-

side of the home. And she was more literally sacrificing all than she knew, for the boy whom she was so zealously protecting, had, that very hour confessed that the purity of his thought and life was already sacrificed through the ignorance imposed by the mother's educational plan.

Her mistake was the common product of the old prudery, and the same spirit that, a generation ago, compelled the good Doctor Todd to write in Latin certain paragraphs in his "Student's Manual," exhorting the youth to preserve the virile power of manhood.

Our boys and girls are not factors in an inert world. They may for a time withstand the alluring life of their fellows, but, believe me, in America with either the seclusion which opulence may afford, or the poverty which necessitates early labour, your boy and girl will meet the world. Be sure about that. And the question you will have to settle is not whether your child shall know of the world's moral dangers, but instead, shall he be prepared for the pressure when the weight of social life is thrown against him? It is,

furthermore, worth remembering that in the realm of morals there is an important relation between certain unrestrained, spontaneous thoughts and acts of childhood, and transgression in later years which society promptly condemns as an unpardonable violation of moral law.

Frequently the hardest thing to learn, but what should, nevertheless, be the first thing learned, is not to expect too much of a boy. Children are very much like their ancestors. Animals are governed by impulses. And since we classify certain manifestations of normal impulses as impure conduct and violation of physical law, we must admit that in the presence of the prudish educational plan, harmful thoughts and acts may be encouraged in the child's life. Children's actions are always more certain when they are in the open. When an eye is on them they are subject to proper guidance; but varying quantities of trouble may be caused when the spontaneous impulses are manifested back of us. The fact suggests the question as to the relative importance of ignoring the pres-

ence of sin, or keeping the devil in plain view.

My opinion is that we should keep an eye on him. Recently a little repentant culprit friend of mine agreed with me. We were discussing the matter together, and our talk was touching somewhat on the non-resistance theory. We had started to discuss "get thee behind me, Satan!" when Fuzzy—my untamed friend—shook his head.

"Then, old man," I replied, "you don't agree with that."

"No, sir," answered the street urchin, "I ain't goin' to tell the devil to get back of me any more, 'cause onct I did that and he pushed me into more trouble. Dat don't work. Eny guy what t'inks der ain't no chance for him to git into eny more trouble 'cause de road's clear and de cop's off his beat, is off in his head. Just then he'll go dreamin' into somethin' what'll be de worst trouble he ever runned up against."

I am compelled to believe Fuzzy. Whether it be for good or evil, I am sure that the fellows I know who keep their thoughts clean

and their lives straight are, without exception, well up on the lay of the devil's territory. Ignorance with them is a chief ally of sin.

Theorizing about morality is not the way to protect a child's soul. His virtue and strength will be preserved only by a fight, and the child needs to be well able to identify the enemy.

A Study of the Individual Boy

There are no two children alike. The laws of heredity are so complex as to differentiate every life from every other life. Because of these inherent differences the management and education of each child should be adapted to its specific requirements. What is right and best for one may have no application to another, and may be positively harmful to a third.—*Riddell.*

A STUDY OF THE INDIVIDUAL BOY

A VAST amount of energy is expended to no good purpose in efforts for boys. Social workers are too ambitious. They frequently encourage the inflation of their zeal and impose a handicap upon their work from the start by seeking to adopt a plan which will be broad enough to bring under their influence all the boys of a community. From a purely spectacular standpoint such a policy is, doubtless, a success, provided, of course, the worker is an individual of unusual personality. But usually such mass efforts are futile, or, at their best, of questionable value.

As with all forms of work for the development of soul-stuff, the boy is peculiarly an individual quantity, who must be studied and dealt with personally and not *en masse*. What we try to do in working with the crowd is, as some one has suggested, not un-

like placing a hundred cups together on the ground and expecting to fill them by throwing a bucketful of water into the air above them. Some of the water may fall in the cups, but the greater quantity will be lost. While if the cups were taken separately, the volume of water would be sufficient to fill them all.

This common fault, from which we suffer, is but another evidence of the American desire to do something big. It is a serious error. The winning worker with boys is not concerned about quantity. Quality must be his paramount aim. And if he shall win one boy and be the source of uprightness and strength of character in him, he will have done what many well-meaning, earnest workers have failed to do in their eagerness to win the crowd.

The individual boy is the problem. He must be your incentive and the object of your work. If you can strike an affinity with him, then your next and final concern shall be to know him. Perhaps you will fail here, for a knowledge of the boy

embraces an understanding of his inherent strength and weaknesses, and the thousand factors which constitute his heritage from the past; it will necessitate an intelligent appreciation of his faculties, sentiments, emotions, passions and their intricate correlation. By the time you have a fairly good view of the psychology of the youngster, you will agree with me that one normal or one atypical youngster can present a composite constitution, sufficiently complex to keep you busy for a while.

It is not my purpose to enter into a careful study of the boy's physical and mental constitution. I do desire, however, to suggest the value of making careful observation of the individual boy and the social and other factors which influence his constitution and conduct.

An early deduction in the study of an ordinary case should be, that the boy is not a miniature man. He is only an embryonic man. His physical organization and mental faculties are, in many essentials, purely rudimentary. The mental phenomena which he

presents are characteristically evolutionary in their character. His body undergoes progressive and radical changes. Functional power is in some particulars intensified; in other organs it is diminished. His nervous system is especially unstable. Boyhood is a period of rudimentary development. A normal young chap ought not to present too much power, except it be the exuberance of animal life. Physically, he is normally vivacious. If he is not, something is wrong. It is not wise to dote on precocity; generally it is a prophecy of early senility.

The physical growth of the boy oftentimes bears a very direct relation to his conduct. Perhaps some of us are more familiar with the relation as we have observed it between an adult and his refractory liver. But ordinarily, boys don't know they have livers. They are, nevertheless, subject to the varying states of their physical functions, and conduct is frequently directly traceable to the body-mood. For example, a lad has entered the pubescent period. He is drowsy and torpid. His mental alacrity has been influ-

enced by the lethargy of his body. Nothing is doing. He is idling around the streets before school hours with fellows, and is sleepy and indolent. His school record has been good. Now a culprit associate suggests that they play hookey, and he is willing. For the time, his body-mood is sufficient to overcome the home control, and he plays hookey. While in this stolid, susceptible mood he may commit other violations of his regular conduct. Maybe it is the beginning of a bad career.

Boys frequently present transient, apathetic moods which may easily be traced to errors in their diet, hours of sleep, or wrong habits. It is a commonplace observation, made by all students of child-life, that there is a distinct relationship existing between the physical condition of a boy and his conduct and intellectual capacity. Nearly every community presents one or more troublesome lads who are, to a careful and competent observer, clearly defective. In the community they are not understood, but little pitied, and the object of general censure for much that

they do, and many things they are not responsible for. The trouble with many of these atypical boys is some functional defect. In the more marked cases there may be some structural defect back of the symptom-complex. Usually, however, in the cases that suggest some physical influence back of the objectionable conduct, the trouble will be found to be only functional. A nutritional defect, with consequent anæmia, fatigue, or toxæmia, may be observed. Circulatory disturbance and remarkably complex nervous phenomena may result from the rapid adolescent growth and the resultant unstable nervous system. The friendly coöperation of a sympathetic physician can be of much assistance with these cases.

Conduct in boy-life is largely dependent upon association and other external influences. But inheritance exerts a greater force in a vast number of individuals than is commonly recognized. Whatever the source, we know that character is an integral part of the boy, and conduct is generally a spontaneous expression of a mental state. In-

herent factors may be manifested at intervals and suggest an evolutionary unfoldment of transmitted characteristics. Unusual talent may be dormant until forced into expression by some external influence. The nobler qualities of a boy's soul may be hid and kept unknown, both to himself and you, by an unfortunate home and social environment.

No more important duty will devolve upon the worker in the study of the individual boy, than a careful consideration of his home and allied influences. The thoughtless indifference of workers, in this particular, is frequently apparent. The author remembers vividly, and with some feeling, a little incident which occurred in his Sunday-school class, one day when a lad of fourteen. The wife of the minister was substituting for the regular teacher, and during the discussion of the lesson, which dealt with Ananias, she asked him what was meant by the statement "he fell down and gave up the ghost." He had never before heard of such a thing as "giving up the ghost" and replied that he didn't know. She regarded his ignorance as

quite inexcusable, and remarked that "even her little eight-year-old daughter knew what it meant!" Perhaps he too would have been better informed if he had been reared in a parsonage. But he wasn't. He knew some other things, however, which the good preacher's wife might not have been "up" on.

What we know depends a great deal upon the atmosphere of the home we are reared in. This little incident was quite a trifling and altogether unintentional offense, but it made such an impression on the sensitive boy heart, that the scar remains to this day. Is it not remarkable how intensely susceptible the child-mind is upon certain occasions? There are few adults who cannot recall some impression made upon their minds in childhood, and retained throughout life. How carefully the worker should watch his influence when with the child! And what a demand for careful discrimination!

The extent of a worker's interest in a boy should depend, to a considerable degree, upon the home the youngster comes from.

Some homes are not altogether adequate for the moral and physical protection of their boys. We ought to remember this. Sometimes we don't. Boys from homes exercising their full function do not need the attention of solicitous workers. Many boys are so well born and reared that they do not need to be born again. Religious workers do well in hunting for more needy cases. There are enough inadequate homes to furnish abundance of material, and efforts should be centered on those.

The inadequate home presents three classes of boys:

First, the normal boy with insufficient adult companionship;

Second, the abnormal "bad boy";

Third, the unfortunate "bad boy."

Our interest is usually abundant and spontaneous in the presence of the normal, bright boy, whose home may be incomplete because of the absence of one of his parents, or what is worse and frequently the case, is not adequate because, for one reason or another, the parents do not offer the loving,

tender companionship which the boy should enjoy. Boys so situated, who are picked out by a worker and made the object of generous friendship should not be considered "pet cases." They are needy boys and just as deserving of careful interest as the so-called "bad boys."

Some troublesome, offensive fellows may properly be classed as abnormal. They are morphologically unnatural. Their "badness" may be traced to an abnormal physical or mental state. It may be a congenital or an acquired condition. Generally the trouble is congenital. Perhaps it is what some have called original sin. These are the cases that try workers' souls and sometimes lead to the conclusion that another generation or two, under favourable environment, will be required to correct the defects. They demand careful, untiring effort, and should always be considered charitably. None but a skillful worker will be of service to an abnormal "bad boy." He may need the services of a physician and, occasionally, a surgeon would be able to restore

the boy to a normal physical and mental equilibrium, by correcting some slight physical lesion.

The last, and very numerous class of boys is made up of the unfortunate, troublesome fellows. We are a part of these boys' troubles. They have been true to the influences that have touched their lives. They are the product of insufficient home influence and immoral association. Society has turned out a bad product. They do not deserve criticism. We deserve it. Our first duty is to find the source of their trouble and then we must correct it. These cases cannot be handled in the aggregate. That has been said before. It should be said twice in reference to these boys.

The results which may be secured with any of these classes of boys will depend upon the loving, companionable attitude, and the character of the congenial worker, together with the discrimination he makes in the detail of his effort, following an intelligent analysis of the individual case.

It will frequently be of assistance in the

study of an individual boy, to follow some such systematic outline as the following:

1. *Name.* Nickname: this may give a clew to the character; boys are remarkably proficient at concentrating character into a title.

2. *Address.* Note characteristics of the neighbourhood. What kind of a house? Is it healthful? Sanitation? Is there a home atmosphere?

3. *Family history.* Nationality. If foreign, note any inharmony apparent between boy, with his rapid absorption of Americanism, and the parents, with their foreign manners and habits. Is there a congenial feeling in the home? Study the father. Does he use intoxicating liquor? What is his occupation? How much does he earn? What is the father's disposition towards boy? What is boy's disposition towards father? Study the mother. Is she temperate? Note relation between boy and mother. How do parents seek to discipline boy? By force? Absence of discipline? Any brothers or sisters? Note their characteristics.

4. *Personal history.* (*a*) *Physical condition.* Age. Quality of organization: skin and hair, fine and soft, suggesting good quality, or hard, dense and of a low grade? Study his face and compare your early impressions with later observations. Is he

large or small for his age? Well nourished? Sluggish or alert? Habits?

(*b*) *Mental condition.* Is he affectionate? Secretive? Honest? Imaginative? Boastful? Ambitious? Stubborn? Combative? Industrious? Lazy? Kind to animals? Benevolent? Generous? Timid? Cautious? Self-confident? Studious? Interested in mechanical work? School record? Grade? Record of attendance? Deportment? Best work? Poorest work? Record at work? Does he hold his positions? If not, why? Opinion of employer? Social record? Who are his companions? Get acquainted with them. Where do they spend their time? What do they do?

Such a study as suggested in this outline, if made with an absolute avoidance of the spirit of an investigator, will be of inestimable value in enabling you to understand a boy. But be sure that you are not an investigator. You are a friend. Give no one the slightest cause to suspect that you are curious, or trying to pry into private affairs. People are suspicious, yet how dearly they love a tried friend and with what appreciation! You are to be a friend. Learn all you can without asking questions.

The student can frequently facilitate his study of a given case by keeping memoranda of his observations. Such a record would frequently be of value to the worker if carefully used with each member of a class or club.

The following concrete example of an ordinary case, selected from the author's files, may be suggestive:

Name. G. W. Nickname, "Skeeter." (He was suggestive to the gang of a mosquito, because he was slim, always flitting around and exceedingly restless. Your deduction: nervous temperament; choleric; not well nourished.)

Address. 2438 Gersplace. Three-room house for family of six. Near city dump. Bad air. Dirty. No home attractions.

Family history. Irish. Father occasionally intoxicated. Labourer, $1.50 a day. No companionship between boy and father. Mother temperate. Takes in washing. Says she "don't know what ails the kid. She can't do nothing with him." During a call she commanded him to wash his face, he refused, ran for the door as she threw a stick of wood at him.

Personal history. Age thirteen. Nervous temperament. Growing rapidly. Slen-

der and very nervous. Anæmic. Good face. Always meets me with a smile. Bright, but shiftless. Stubborn. Has a dog and six rabbits. Asked me if I knew where he "could trade for a pair of white rats?" School record: Fifth grade. Played hookey regularly last year. Teacher stated only time she could depend upon him was when she sent him to the country to secure material for nature study work. Social record: Member "Gersplacer's Gang" (named after street). Entire gang arrested once for stoning a peddler.

Treatment. Should have the fellowship and careful attention of a friend who can strike an affinity with him. Would recommend that parents permit him to secure work in the country, where he could have care of stock.

Prognosis. Good.

There is an element of danger in making a formal study of a child to whom we sustain nothing more than a friendly relation. We should at all times remember that we are trying to reach the heart, and all that we do should be apparently informal. Service should never be mechanical. There is no danger of it ever being such with the winning worker. But the worker who wins the

boy and secures results will know the boy. Such an analysis of a lad and his past and present environment ought, naturally, to lead to individual service for the individual boy. This is the essential point, and the physical, mental and social study of the boy should be encouraged only so far as it enables the worker to know the material he is working with, and the ways and means that will best enable him to secure the coveted results.

Fresh Air Work With Boys

The greatest help after all is to take the children back to the garden that the Lord God planted. A boy must learn to sleep under the open sky and to tramp ten miles through the rain if he wants to be strong. He must learn what sort of men it was who made America, and he must not get into this fuss and flurry of our American civilization and think that patent leather shoes and white kid gloves are necessary for the salvation of his life.—*Hale.*

FRESH AIR WORK WITH BOYS

THERE is no incompatibility between boys and fresh air. The open country harmonizes with their souls. Most of the trouble experienced in efforts to control the wild, noisy youngsters, is caused by forcing the lads away from the unrestrained life in the open. Boys are animals. As sure as they live, that is true. There is the nomadic tramp instinct in every fellow. An undomesticated boy can shoulder a blanket, and with a can of sardines and some rolls, turn his back on civilization with as much good grace and enthusiasm as can an Indian. He is not to blame for this. God has tuned his soul into harmony with the swimming hole, the mountains and the green fields.

A few years ago when Huckleberry Finn and I struck out across lots with the music

of the "last bell" jingling at our rear in a frantic attempt to coax us into the schoolroom, I remember the harmony. And to the best of my recollection there was never a note of discord until we reluctantly followed the teacher into the principal's office. If I had known that God was on my side then, it would have been a satisfaction. But I didn't know it. Yes, I am quite sure that big folks are sometimes responsible for the discord, and now that I have grown some, I am willing to share the responsibility. We are sorry for ourselves and wish we were not so artificial and refined. Even a sedate, professional gentleman of fourscore years confessed in my ear the other day, that if he were sure no one was looking and his joints would permit, he would be tempted to hie himself off to some quiet nook, and turn a somersault! What God puts in the blood is eliminated slowly, and we are all impregnated with a love for the natural life.

The other morning as the interurban car sped through the valley on its way to the city, I caught a glimpse of a freckled, brown-

faced lad trudging along a lake bank with a fishing-pole over his shoulder, a can of bait dangling at his side, and his legs bared six inches above his knees. Going a fishing? Sure! God bless his little, uncivilized heart, and give good luck to his bait! And God bless every little, uncivilized lad, trudging along across lots! Maybe school is not out. No matter. If spring has come, and the sand lilies are tumbling under their feet, that is enough. If some lucky chap has discovered that the fish are biting, could anybody blame the boy for temporarily forgetting school—and what not?—in the presence of such inducements?

One day when the wind was still frosty from the snow-capped mountains, a thirteen-year-old boy who sells me papers down at the corner, ran a quarter of a block to meet me and presented a blistered arm bared to the elbow.

"Say, doctor," he began, "do you tink you can fix that so me mother won't make me quit goin' swimmin' no more?"

Fortunately, I could and I did, and yester-

day as I went to my car he sidled up to me on the curbing and with a mysterious twinkle that only he and I could understand, he said: "To-morrow I'm goin' ter blister it again!" Dear hearted lad, thought I, go on with your blistering and I'll do my part towards keeping mother willing.

I wouldn't care to vouch for this boy's deportment in school or when the kitchen coal-box is empty at home. But give me thirty days with him in the open and I will guarantee his record.

The out-of-doors offers the most satisfactory environment for work with boys. So often our faithful and energetic efforts are directed only to the unnatural boy as we meet him in our formal town and church associations. We cannot reach the boy himself. The Sunday-school hour gives us not the boy, but anxiety. We ask him to pass the books at the junior meeting, and he obliges us. Perhaps we do not accomplish more than this. It is not the worker's fault. The worker is not in touch with the boy. He is struggling against the unnatural, artificial

nature. The lads are encrusted with civilization.

Sometimes this artificial condition may become so much a part of child-life, that the country or mountains are strange and uninviting. How could it be otherwise with some of the little folk who have been reared in the miserably dirty and congested sections of our cities? A child, suddenly transplanted from such conditions, to rural life, could not but feel out of place, and would, quite naturally, express a desire to get back to his element.

Recently I observed this disposition in an anæmic, soulful-eyed, Italian boy, whom I have known for some years. The death of his father, a while ago, left him an orphan, and we suggested that arrangements could be made for him to go to the mountains for the summer. But Dominic was not enthusiastic.

"Onct I went to the mountains," he replied, "and I geta homesick, and I think I nota go up there no more." Poor little soul! He is the best Jumbletown can produce.

What Dominic needs is to be educated to the country. His nerves have become so adjusted to the confusion and pressure of the Italian quarter, that he feels abnormal, when placed in a normal environment. I love the lad and you will forgive me for hating the conditions which have alienated him from Nature's heart.

Boys for the most part, are like my friend Eickey, a diminutive little chap, who heard we were going to take a crowd to the mountains. He pushed his way into the crowded office, and the first evidence I had of his presence, was the side-glance I caught of a bunch of healthy, red hair, up in the air above the several dozen little people crowded about my desk. I looked up and Eickey smiled.

"Say, are you givin' out tickets for the mountains? Kin I get one?"

In an instant sixteen kids told him we were, and that if he didn't quit shoving, they would "knock his block off!"

Now Eickey was blessed with the good instincts of a gentleman, and he quietly slid

down into the chair and waited his turn. The bunch of happy youngsters passed from the room, one by one, and stood around the hall in chattering groups, awaiting the other members of their crowds who were still inside waiting for tickets.

Eickey came last. He stepped up to the desk and presented at close range a head of good size, surmounted with that tangled hair of glowing colour which cast a radiance about him and nearly hid a little pink face that always smiled into prominence, when an eye was turned in his direction. His shirt was ingeniously diminished in the arm lengths and, aside from this alteration, the bulky dimensions were patiently tolerated and held in conformity to the little body by his overalls, with their usual slack rolled up at the bottom.

Could he get a ticket? God bless his little heart, of course he could! In two minutes he had it securely deposited in his overall pocket, and ignoring parting ceremonies, he bolted out of the office and, I presume, ran every step of the way home to get ready.

Did you ever feel a little of that bubbling-over-with-happiness sensation, that at once puts a boy in love with the whole world and incidentally generates a disposition to keep the kitchen wood-box well filled? It must have been the way Eickey felt.

We asked him to bring a note from his mother, expressing her willingness for him to go, and early the next morning he handed me a well-soiled piece of paper and remarked: "Here's the note from my mamma. She can't write, but she told me to and I read it to her and she said it was all right." The note was as follows:

"Deer doctor i can go to the mountains if you wil tak good care of him. i wil be a good boy. Mrs. Sampson."

The following Monday twenty-five hilarious boys swarmed about the station and Eickey came up to me and asked if I didn't think he was clean. "I took a bath Saturday night and then I took another one last night, too. And I rubbed with soap!" There was no doubt about it. Three dim-

ples were in plain evidence, that were before filled to the level.

The train started and Eickey sat next to the window. We neared the cañon, and for an hour his big eyes watched every break in the foothills that might be the place where we would "run into the mountains." Suddenly we rounded a bluff and our small engine drew up at the water-tank, just inside the mouth of the cañon.

"Oh, lookee! Whew!" exclaimed the astonished youngster, "just see that big mountain, made out of nothin' but rock! Did the railroad company dig out this cañon for the train to run in?"

It was a great day for the lad, and when night came, we tucked him up snugly in his blankets. Then the wind began to sing in the pines, as it blew over the mountainside, and the boy looked up and asked if it "wasn't God blowing His breath down at us?"

Wasn't that worth going to the mountains for? It was. And all of this time I kept on saying, God bless little Eickey!

There are innumerable desirable and work-

able plans for out-of-door activities with boys. To make a plan serviceable, the director must leave his formal dignity in town, and be successful at making a red bandanna set to his neck. Furthermore, he should be able to put a chunk of bacon on the end of a stick, dig it out of the ashes a couple of times while trying to broil it over the camp-fire, and then eat it with good grace. It is important for the leader to enjoy the freedom and informal spirit of unrestrained life in the open. It will not often be advisable, perhaps, to plan for very extensive camping trips. But they are worth taking, if the local conditions justify. One night away from home will be as much as most ten- or twelve-year-old boys will stand. The twelve- to fifteen-year-old boys will be the candidates for longer trips.

Organize a "Travel Club." Limit the membership to five or ten boys for each adult leader. Begin during the winter to plan for a camping trip next summer, and at your gatherings from time to time discuss together such topics as "Indian Life," "Camp Cooking," "Camp Supplies," etc. This pre-

liminary experience will not be the least valuable to the boys, for anticipation is one of the most vital points to be considered in work with boys. Keep something ahead of them.

When you are ready for the trip secure a team of horses and a covered wagon to carry your tents, blankets, cooking utensils, and food supplies. Provide a couple of baseball outfits. If the boys decide that your "trip" is to be a "hike," select your objective point and plan to walk not more than five or ten miles a day. Take it easy along the road. Pitch your tents and strike camp near a stream, if possible, or near some good water supply. Look carefully after the sanitary condition of the camp and insist upon every boy doing his assigned work promptly and well. Build a camp-fire after supper and spend an hour telling Indian, war and cowboy stories. Or spend an entire evening in Bible-study or the discussion of some topic relating to character and the spiritual life. In the morning, pull up your stakes and move on.

If the above "hiking plan" fails to look good, arrange for your transportation to a suitable place, and spend your time in one camp. The site should be selected with considerable care, as to the water supply, fuel, sanitary conditions, etc. Your list of supplies should include: beans, potatoes, rice, prunes, dried fruits, cereal and other package goods, bacon, ham, and canned goods. If the camp is within reach of a farm you may be able to secure milk and butter, which would be of great value.

A "One Day Hiking Trip" is very practicable. Start early in the morning. Take a kettle and a mess of raw navy beans, together with an ample supply of prepared lunch. Select a camp-site within a two-hour walk. Swing the kettle under a tripod, which the boys can make with limbs from the trees; build a camp-fire and cook the beans. And after you have put in the day playing ball, swimming, fishing, and eating, if the youngsters aren't thankful that they "live, move and have their"—beans, I'll miss my guess.

Take to the woods whenever you can. Hold your religious meetings on the lawn at the side of the church or go out to the park. Organize an "Audubon Club," and teach the boys that "a bird in the bush is worth two in the hand." Take a "bird walk" in the spring and observe how the birds build their nests, how they mate and care for their young. And let the boys get a lesson of faith and optimism from the birds.

Organize a "Camera Club," and announce an exhibition of original pictures of birds, squirrels, chipmunks and all other kinds of wild animals living in our forests, mountains and prairies. Offer prizes for the pictures indicating the most careful, persistent effort.

Send the boys a-fishing, and at night have a "Fish Party." Serve the fish caught during the day and spend an hour telling fish stories. There are plenty of good fish stories. Ask different boys to look up the information beforehand and describe the methods of catching fish in China, Alaska, the Great Lakes, etc.

There are many ideas that I might suggest to you, but they will occur to any versatile worker after fresh-air methods have been given a place in the junior work. The important thing is for you to get into the spirit of enthusiasm for the physical and God's out-of-doors, and let that spirit dominate much of your work.

Don't be afraid that all of the time you spend with the boys will not be profitable, because part of your activity is "secular." There should be no secular. The Church has been too small in its interests, and the boys have been obliged to go elsewhere for the expression of their "secular" life, and the Church has lost. There should be nothing objectionable about a boy turning a flip in the Church basement. We have waited for the annual Sunday-school picnic to suggest a potato race, the broad jump and the fifty-yard dash. The average boy doesn't require the stimulus of the picnic to make him interested in these things. An athletic event is always in order and ought to be considered thoroughly religious.

Religious Meetings for Boys

The new work for boys contains the germ of a new evangelism—new because its methods are different from those of the typical evangelistic service, but old because its aim is the original one of winning men to Christ.—*Coe.*

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS FOR BOYS

NO form of effort requires greater resourcefulness and versatility of mind, acuity of perception and buoyancy of spirit, than religious meetings for boys. Boys will not go out of their way to hear a sermon. They will frequently do much more to avoid hearing one. A boy normally has no objection to religious meetings, *per se*. His antipathy is occasioned by the absence of all features which he would class as attractive. This is the estimate of the average boy. When we remember that he is not an adult, we are not surprised. He is a boy. That is enough to make us charitable.

It is not an offense to question the usefulness of the public service as a means of grace to the boy. He needs religion, and has more by nature than is sometimes retained through mature years. But the question of his spiritual nurture involves so

intricately the peculiarly sensitive elements of his nature, that his soul development resulting from public worship will be small compared with the results which may be secured by personal effort. This is not an excuse for the boy to remain away from the public worship. He needs the Church. In more than a theoretical sense, the ideal place for a boy is at the public worship, by the side of a chummy father. But we are considering especially the boys from inadequate homes, whose chummy fathers—if they have any—are not in the habit of spending much time in church with their boys. All boys are pretty much alike on religious matters, however, and the best of them sit ill at ease through the ordinary preaching service. This fact ought to suggest that if we would secure the most satisfactory results, some of the public worship should be designed for the boys.

Most of our religious organizations are failures with boys because they possess nothing of notable interest to the average adolescent. And of more importance than

the absence of any magnetic features in the organization, is the presence of many plans which we exhibit in his presence, that are positively repulsive to the ordinary boy. If we are not justified in thus placing a low estimate upon the success of our junior organizations, we shall, most of us, be compelled to admit that we fail to reach a representative number of boys. If by accident, or ice cream, husky lads are persuaded to meet with us, their huskiness is chiefly manifested at the expense of the devotional sentiments, and by the time the effervescence of their enthusiasm has been expended, they are off in search of new adventures, much to the delight of the gentler natures who are pleased to enjoy the soothing devotions of the organization.

Whether we fully appreciate the fact or not, we are confronted with the necessity of making our plans conform to the requirements of the boy we seek to win, rather than try to coerce him to adapt his nature to our ideal, which has been conceived and doted upon in the stuffy, devitalized atmosphere

of our chambers of theory and imagination.

Devotional meetings are of comparatively small value in getting at the boys. A crowd of youngsters can pray more easily and effectually on the run than on their knees. It is easier for a boy to be a Christian in a gymnasium than when back of a hymn-book. A "hike" across fields is frequently a speedway to God, for in His good land of clean air, fragrant fields, mountains and water, the soul of a normal, vigorous boy will not fail to vibrate in tune with the heart of God whom he has found in fellowship and learned to love as his Father. Let us not hesitate to sacrifice devotional solitude, so long as taking the boys into the open or bringing them in touch with wholesome secular stimuli will exert a formative influence which shall be conducive to Christian character and good citizenship.

Boys are naturally religious. But sometimes a Bible, a hymn-book or a season of prayer are the poorest means on earth of awakening their spiritual life. In saying

this I do not in any degree deviate from my fixed conviction, that the Bible is of inestimable value in every phase of religious work with boys. Indeed the religious worker with boys may dispense with all accessories except the Bible, reinforced with a consecrated heart, a resourceful mind and vigorous body. With this equipment, the successful director will be able to go to work, and so long as he works he will have the boys. But mark you, my friend, the moment there is nothing doing his grip on the lads will weaken. The boys' department must, therefore, be Christianity in action. Get plans and carry them out. Stick to the job, and do your best. Above all, keep something doing.

Make your church the centre of boy life in your community. If you cannot give them a club room, lay off from your work some afternoon and help the boys dig a cave on the rear end of the church lot. Did you ever crawl on your hands and knees through a passageway leading from an unsuspected fence corner, down into the bowels of the

earth, and be compelled to do three right-angled-twists in the tunnel, and as many four-foot "step-offs" before you could emerge into the appalling solitude of the underground cavern? The knee exercise required in the passage is beneficial and I have an idea that Old Testament stories never read so well as when you and the boys are in a cave around a boiling kettle of beans, or presumably lost in a forest and gathered about a crackling camp-fire.

With this, some of you will think I would transplant you and the boys back into a primitive state of savagery. I do not care to stand for that. It is enough for me to say that boys do not thrive well on too much civilization. A judicious use of unconventional methods and out-door life will, I assure you, render remarkable service in turning boy energy to a harmonious coöperation with you and the service you desire to do for his spiritual development. Let us bear these things in mind, good Christian worker, and not forget that we are leading the boy towards Jesus Christ.

Do not be afraid of modern methods. They are designed to reach the very boy you are after. The splendid work being done by the many well qualified workers in the Church, speaks with profound emphasis of their importance. It is not surprising that this educational advance has invaded our children's room and sent the faithful worker home with a mind hungry for new methods. For truly, it seems that the atmosphere of this children's century has even vitalized the child's mind and he comes to us and demands the best we have; and if that isn't good enough, we are left alone. Unfortunately, this spirit doesn't always contribute to the soundest religious life; but if the influence is detrimental, the cause will be found in the administration and not in the methods. Herein lies the greatest difficulty in church work with boys. Not all workers are able to combine the good, wholesome, spiritual element with the newer ways of handling the boys' work. And it is well that it is so. Some can only conduct a class-meeting. These may not be the least suc-

cessful in work with the boys. I believe, however, that that rare individual who is doubly blessed with the spiritual life and the ability to lead the restless, energetic youngsters through the play hour to Christ, will be several times more successful with the average lad.

In addition to the antipathy which boys commonly manifest towards devotional meetings, there is another, and equally important reason why we must give the question careful consideration. I refer to the psychology of the boy. And without entering into a study of the subject, I shall venture the assertion that public religious devotions which depend more or less upon the emotions, are objectionable among boys and should not be encouraged.

Recently I discussed the subject with a friend of mine, Mr. W. W. Crawford, who is superintendent, or rather, godfather, in one of the most ideal homes for boys in America. A strong religious atmosphere has always been encouraged and enjoyed by the boys. Some years ago the home was frequently

the centre of marked revival fervour and the boys would, of their own initiative, come together for prayer services, at which times they would weep and pray with great concern for their souls and the spiritual condition of their associates. These emotional phenomena have since been discouraged, and my friend, who is a man of rare Christian character and influence, told me that he feels there is more real piety among his boys now, when their religious devotions are kept at a sensible minimum, than there was during the period of revival fervour. There is very good reason for discouraging the emotional in the child's religious life.

There are communities in which the presence of a large number of un-churched boys has suggested the need of some form of a popular religious meeting for their special benefit. We recently had the pleasure of observing a series of such neighbourhood meetings at the Halsted Street Institutional Church, in Chicago. The meetings were vigorously advertised as the "Boys' Happy Friday Nights," and as the "Boys' Lucky

Nights," and usually two hundred or more street boys gave enthusiastic attention to stereopticon talks, cartoon addresses, boy soloists, musical features and the Gospel for boys. As a suggestion of the tactful plans demanded and used in these meetings, a beautifully coloured slide of Hofmann's "Christ Kneeling in the Garden" was thrown on the screen while the director led in prayer. All confusion ceased at once, and thereafter the boys were absolutely silent during prayer.

A number of mass boys' clubs conduct similar popular religious meetings for their boys, and the Boys' Departments of the Young Men's Christian Association are securing large results throughout the country in such meetings. The Chicago Boys' Club has a regular Thursday night Gospel meeting which has proved to be one of the most popular and helpful features of their club work, notwithstanding the fact that they have the most difficult part of Chicago's boy population to draw from.

The attendance secured at such boys' meetings, depends in a large measure upon

the amount of good advertising that is done. Boys are the finest kind of advertisers, and the important thing at the start, is to cause your announcement to strike a popular vein. For example, at the beginning of the "Boys' Happy Friday Nights" a large six-by-eight foot poster was displayed conspicuously, with the question "Have you met the Happy Kid?" printed in good sized letters at the top; in the centre of the sheet was painted a rough picture of a hilarious, laughing, street urchin, and at the bottom was added: "Meet him next Friday evening at the Boys' Room." The following Friday the boys were there.

It would, of course, be exceedingly poor judgment to rely solely upon the advertising for the popularity of the meetings. The boys must be interested after they assemble. And this is the biggest part of the job. The leader should first know just what he wants to do. The songs must be selected. See to it that you don't have to send for the janitor to have the piano unlocked after the boys have assembled. Don't be dignified. Encourage the boys to laugh and laugh your-

self, whether you see anything to laugh at or not. Maybe the boys do. We may be bigger jokes than we think. Let an adult do the praying, and let the prayer be short. Either have the boys remain seated with bowed heads or stand together during the prayer. It is a mistake to command boys to kneel in a large, popular meeting for children. Demand good order and don't be afraid to be in charge of affairs. It is better to cause a boy to leave the room, if it is necessary, by letting him see by your eye that you mean business, than to grab him by the arm and throw him out.

In talking to boys one should know what he wants to say, and then should say it, and if it is worth saying once it may be said a second time to good advantage. If you know what you want to say, talk plain and hit hard. It is possible to talk at a boy for an hour and not once hit where he lives. Be sure to find stories somewhere and use them. And after you have said what you wanted to say, and have said it hard and hit the boys where they live, and have put in a story or

two to keep their ears open, then stop, for you have said enough. It is far better to talk too short a time, than too long. Make the meeting objective. Use a stereopticon or a black-board, or any other device that will give the boys something to look at and hold their attention to your subject. Seek for something unusual, and turn commonplace things and events into startling object-lessons. Cultivate action and enthusiasm in your talks. If walking on your hands and knees across the platform will help to illustrate or impress a point in your talk, then walk on your hands and knees.

In such popular, advertised meetings you may reach large numbers, create any degree of enthusiasm you desire and give some inspiration. These results are of little importance compared to the opportunity the meetings present for the worker to follow up individual boys in their life and thought during the week.

It is not advisable, in my opinion, to encourage boys to make public religious confession at these open meetings. If the leader

is alert and in intimate touch with the boys, it will be reasonably easy, in most instances, to supplement the public meetings with a Boys' Bible Club or probationers' class, which should include in its membership only those boys who have presented evidence of being specially interested in the religious life. The worker's relations with these boys can be much more personal and helpful than with the others. With the limited number all kinds of out-of-door trips can be arranged. Occasionally lunches may be provided and the crowd will find satisfaction in going for a hike several miles to a river or into the woods or mountains, where, I can assure you, your devotions will be far more profitable than they would be if you were in a stuffy, uncomfortable room.

In religious meetings as well as in social work with boys, the question of securing the coöperation of boy leaders will arise, and the observing worker will appreciate the reference Emerson makes in his essay on "Power," to the active and passive sex of the mind. One class of boys will be observed

who are passive, uninventing and ready to accept what is created, invented and promoted by the active element. You will always do well to use the aggressive boys. It is a mistake, however, to let them run things. Elaborate schemes for self-government in work among boys are more spectacular than sensible. Self-government is sometimes too big a job for adults, and it is not at all surprising that young lads are not always competent to plan for themselves. I confess that self-governing experiments among boys' clubs and other organizations, provide the imagination with much space for inflation, but the plain, common facts indicate that boys are, as Jane Addams says, rather better when "mixed with adults."

A Club for Boys

When the Church learns that a love for prayer-meetings is not one of the instincts born into a boy at puberty, and discovers that it owes pastoral service to shouting boys as well as to ripening saints, and that stories told to the boys on Sunday lead to boyish confidences on Monday—then it will better fulfill its function, and the churching of boys to-day will be the manning of the Church fifteen years hence.—*Jump.*

A CLUB FOR BOYS

BOYS do not need a club. This might be said to good advantage in a discussion of corporal punishment. In this connection we find that it is twice applicable. Boys may demand a club organization and secure it somehow among themselves either underground or elsewhere, but the clannish association is not essential for the development of manhood, notwithstanding our common notion about the gregarious nature of the boy. I am the more inclined to preface my consideration of the boys' club with these remarks as I recall the excess enthusiasm that is sometimes manifested by adults who get the idea somehow—though never from experience—that a boys' club is, in itself, a panacea for the solution of every difficulty presented in the problem of the boy. I believe heartily in the boys' club, but it is one of the very good things whose usefulness makes necessary a frank statement of its limitations.

A club for boys is a substitute. It is a substitute for the home, and compared with a good home it is a very poor substitute. Professor Francis G. Peabody says, "A good boy is the natural product of a good home, and all the efforts of philanthropy to make boys better are consciously imperfect substitutes for the natural influences of a healthy-minded home. The great and overshadowing peril of a boy's life is not, as many suppose, his bad companions, or his bad books, or his bad habits; it is the peril of homelessness. I do not mean merely homelessness having no bed or room which can be called his own, but that homelessness which may exist even in luxurious houses—the isolation of the boy's soul, the lack of any one to listen to him, the loss of roots to hold him to his place and make him grow. This is what drives the boy into the arms of evil, and makes the street his home and the gang his family, or else drives him in upon himself, into uncommunicated imaginings and feverish desires. It is the modern story of the man whose house was 'empty,' and precisely

because it was 'empty,' there entered 'seven devils' to keep him company. If there is one thing that a boy cannot bear, it is himself. He is by nature a gregarious animal, and if the group which nature gives him is denied, then he gives himself to any group which may solicit him. A boy, like all things in nature, abhors a vacuum, and if his home is a vacuum of lovelessness and homelessness, then he abhors his home."

It is the fact of the homelessness of boys that gives the "open" or "mass club" a place in society. If the boys have homes of the right sort, it is not likely that they will loiter about the streets after dark. The street can never produce a good product. The boys' club promoter knows this and he secures a room or building and equips it with games, reading matter and gymnasium apparatus. Then he turns on the light and lets the boys in off the streets. This is a boys' mass club in a primitive stage. The idea sometimes evolves into an institution of large dimensions, with game rooms, library, gymnasium, baths, plunge, assembly room,

manual and industrial departments. The boys make use of these privileges in large numbers, and thus through its various agencies the club substitutes for the home.

Then again, the club is frequently not a work of substituting, but of supplementing the inadequate home. In both capacities it has a legitimate and useful sphere for work. Thus a mass club may be anything from a shelter to a trade-school; and in any form of activity it should be of service in providing a wholesome environment for boys and in being an agency for the cultivation of the spirit, mind and body. When comparisons are made, I agree with Jacob Riis that "Boys' clubs are better than policemen's clubs," but when compared with a good home the boys' club at its best is a poor substitute.

The man or woman in charge should be the biggest part of a club. An objection commonly raised against mass efforts with boys is the fact that the worker can do but little for the boys individually, compared with the personal service that can be ren-

dered in the group plan which I shall speak of later. It is very true that the adult's individual association with the boys is limited and his knowledge of them may be unsatisfactory, but it should be remembered that he is the known and constantly observed centre of an ever enlarging boy constituency, and the influence he exerts among them cannot, presumably, be known, but it may be enormous. And the manlier, more sincere and inspiring the man is, the greater will be his influence for good. One of the most notable facts observed by workers among boys is the remarkable rapidity with which they become known by boys even far beyond the neighbourhood boundary, which they have fixed as the probable limit of their influence.

The more adult personality that is mixed with the crowd of lads the better. It is the personality that counts in securing and maintaining neighbourhood influences, and furthermore, the adult personality has considerable to do with preventing the club from becoming a generating station for

rough, riotous conduct. If it is such, there is a flaw in the plan somewhere that should be corrected at once, or the plan modified so there will be fewer boys and more adult personality to control the exuberant energy of their riotous little souls. An open club should, therefore, provide helpful fellowship and congenial, wholesome associations for boys of the street. And of more importance than this useful mission, is the opportunity it offers for the worker to get acquainted with the boys.

The equipment for a club of this kind should include one or more rooms that are easily accessible. They should be furnished with plain, attractive, substantial furniture. The walls should be made attractive with well-selected pictures, especially religious and historical prints. A reading-table should be provided with wholesome, juvenile periodicals, together with popular mechanical journals, illustrated magazines, etc. There should be several game-tables with a supply of such games as checkers, chess, ping-pong, crokinole, parlour croquet, shuffle-board,

crown combination caroms, saturn, arch arena, crolard, flinch, and other similar card games. Keep the reading and game tables fresh by placing part of the games in reserve for substitution every two or three weeks, and by frequently replacing old periodicals with current issues.

Insist upon good discipline from the start. Under some conditions it is impossible to secure good order. In the first place the boys should understand what the club is for. Don't admit too many at the start. Begin with a few boys. Educate them. Enlist their coöperation, and then admit a few more. Club privileges will be more appreciated if admission doesn't come too easy. Never admit more boys to the room than can be conveniently accommodated.

From the hour the doors are first opened for a mass club, or similar organization for boys, a number of puzzling and difficult situations and questions will present themselves. And the worker will soon realize, if he did not know it before, that an activity among the common, refractory youngsters of

the street, must have something more substantial back of it than sentiment. The worker is on the safe side if he first gives more attention to the development of a definite conviction and plan of procedure than to the inflation of a sentimental "interest in the boys" and a desire to "do something." There is plenty to do. But in work with boys it is good policy to figure out how a thing ought to be done, before you begin. If the local conditions do not clearly suggest the value of some kind of a public organization for or among the boys of the street, it would certainly be unwise for an adult to become too ambitious and try to tie another appendage to a much encumbered town or church.

There is, however, no great danger that a discerning adult will inflict any injury upon a community by organizing a boys' club. There are usually, in most communities, enough boys of several varieties, to encourage the application of all the known schemes for helping them, and when all plans have been faithfully tried, there will, likely as not,

be a sufficient number of young chaps hanging about somewhere, to give the new and ambitious worker enough material to work with.

There are three objects which a worker should have in mind when planning for club work. They are entertainment, inspiration, and companionship.

Entertainment should never be the final object in work with boys. The question is frequently discussed. There is cause to ponder over the advisability of our purely social efforts in behalf of children. The boy likes to be entertained. He is easily lured by a shuffle-board and exceedingly prompt, and much in evidence during any exhibition of ice cream or other commodity that costs money. One has no difficulty in "getting the boys" so long as the expenditure meets the demand. Indeed, "standing in with the kids" is the easiest accomplishment within the reach of mortals, provided you are a generous giver. Most of us are easy marks, or, if not now guilty, we have been. Neglected children make liberal givers out of

sympathetic adults, and the more the adult gives the more the child expects. Later, a pampered lad stipulates the demand, and if he doesn't get what he wants, he won't play! Many boys' clubs have for their first and final object, entertainment. And many boys' clubs are failures. We may class them as efficient because they are patronized. Beyond the value of providing a shelter, if a club does not educate or protect a boy's soul, or awaken him to some productive activity, it is a menace to his future. Entertainment, therefore, should be given minor consideration.

Inspiration is an object of greater significance. In a mass club where one or more rooms are thrown open for the free use of a large number of boys, this factor may be of prime importance. Inspiration radiates from subtile influences. Maybe a lad's future may be directed by the inspiration of a picture. Perhaps a book may radiate the influence. Or vast inspiration may be exerted by informal, round-table talks. But the most valuable inspiration to the boys in a club,

should emanate from the soul of the worker. He must be inspiration. And the more soul he has that strikes an affinity with the boys of the club, the greater will be his influence for good.

Companionship is, above all else, the object to be most encouraged. For this reason and because of the difficulty in trying to extend a limited influence among a large number, we shall now consider the group club as the most successful and generally satisfactory form of church club work with boys. And the most significant point about the group club is the fact that the nearer its membership approaches to the single, individual boy, the better will be the worker's chance to accomplish his purpose of being helpful.

A group club may have its beginning in an innumerable number of ways. We will suppose, for example, that you have a Sunday-school class of ten boys, between ten and twelve years of age. They are all harmonious fellows, but no more interested in the Israelites, *et al.*, than is the average lad. You